Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And litle Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?
King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my sonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.
King. And briefe good mother, for I am in haste.
Dut. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A grieuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious: *
Thy age confirmd, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gratious in your sight, *disgracious grieuous*
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

* *Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold & venturous.*

Which

Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the litle soules of Edwards children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, bloudy will by thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blo
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Qu
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue
And Ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie
Slander my selfe, as false to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vn scard from bleeding slaught
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall bl
Q. To saue her life, Ile say she is not so.
King. Her life is only safest in her birth.
Qu. And only in that safetie died her brothe
King. Lo at their births good stars were opp
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contr
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destin
Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes destin
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
Ki. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous atte
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of h
To be discouerd that can do me good.
King. The aduancement of your children m